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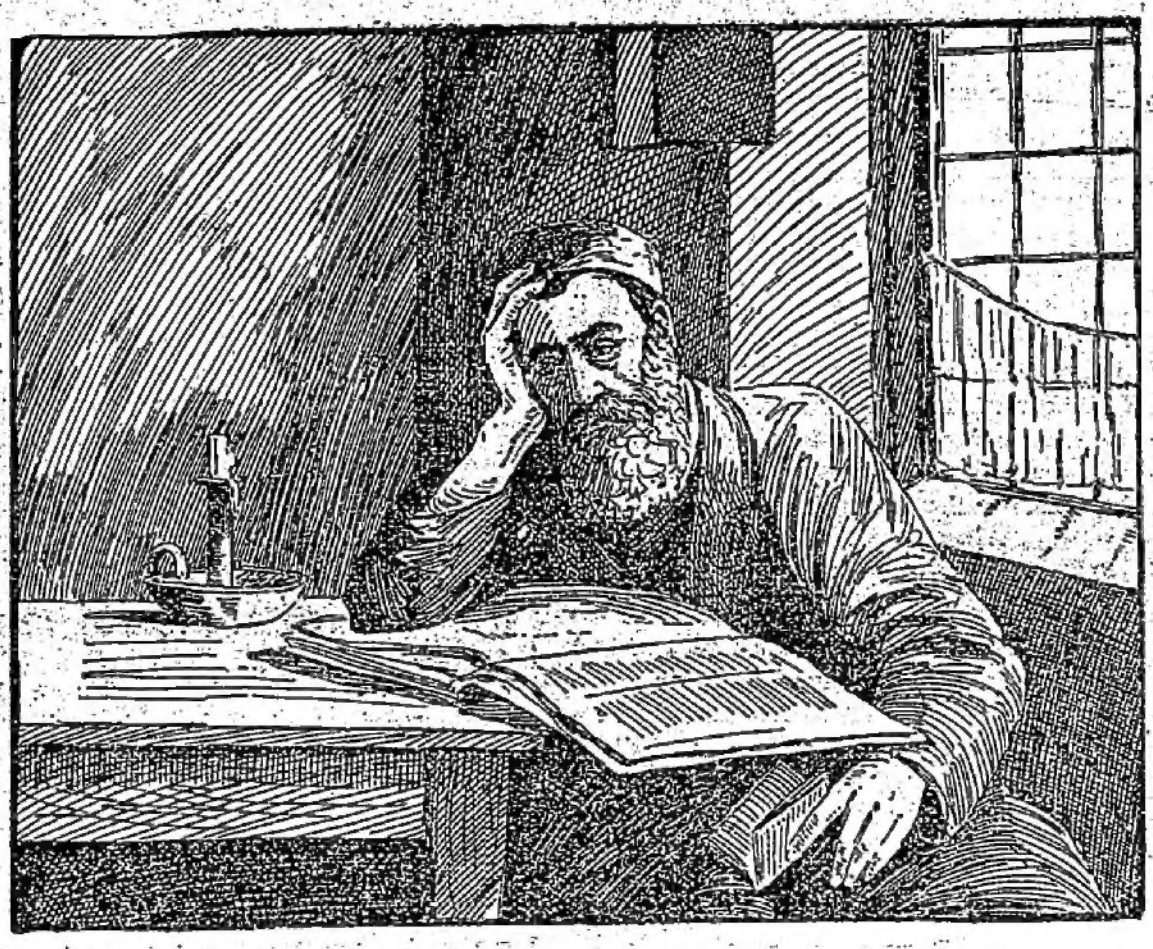
From Darkness To Light.

A CHAT WITH AN OLD MISSIONARY.

'Now, my friend,' said I, as, when supper was finished, I drew up a comfortable easy chair before the fire, 'it is long since I had the opportunity of talking to you about your work; so get into this chair and while you rest, tell me what instance do you consider the most remarkable which has come under your notice as a missionary?'

The old man leaned back in his chair and gazed dreamily into the fire. At last he said, 'I think the strangest case I have come across was that of a Rabbi whose name I



must conceal for many reasons. That man was a great scholar, accomplished and shrewd, gifted with a knowledge of languages and as touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless. But I knew full well that he was an enemy of Christ and his servants, and a mighty Pharisee. It would not do for me to go directly to him, and yet oh! how I longed to win him for the gospel!'

'Yes,' I said, 'a man like that would make a useful missionary, but anyone who strives with him or enters into argument with him must be prepared to suffer a fall or two. But how did you manage to reach him '

'By the means of that useful instrument, a mutual friend. A merchant who knew us both, had often talked to me of this Rabbi and his hatred of the conversionists, and so one day I took down to this merchant a copy of the "Old Paths" and a New Testament, suggesting that a man of such learning and such zeal for the Talmud and the faith of his fathers, as was that Rabbi, should not suffer so many of his brethren and kinsmen to be misled with impunity; but that in order to cope with the missionary it was necessary for him to be acquainted with their weapons. Don't take an unfair advantage of your opponent. Put a good weapon in his hands if you want a fair fight.'

'This is very interesting,' said I. 'Well; did your merchant friend carry out your suggestions and pass the books on to the Rabbi?'

'Indeed he did, and in a better manner than I could have done it myself. The Rabbi began upon the "Old Paths." He had not read far, when his zeal was kindled into a towering flame. "This M'Caul," he cried, "must be an apostate Rabbi, a Meshumed! He ought to be stoned! I must write a book against him, and it shall have Leviathan's teeth to break his bones." Vainly did his wife try to soften him down. She was afraid he would have a fever.'

'Ha! ha! ha! did the Rabbi write the book? Did he answer M'Caul?' I asked.

'Well—not exactly. He pored over the "Old Paths" day and night. At last he said, "This M'Caul is most certainly learned in the law and loves us Jews. But I won't read any more books of this sort. My mind gets upset through them." And so the Rabbi picked up the Talmud in order to bring his mind back to its proper state. But somehow or other he felt very disgusted with the subtle arguments of the Rabbis about washing of hands and cleansing of cups, etc. Up to this time he had not touched the New Testament. A day or two after, through my friend the merchant, I send him our tract, "Proofs that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah." The Rabbi read it, looking out in his Bible the passages quoted. He shook his head. "Stubborn facts these—very stubborn." He called his wife. "Come here, my dear. I must read this little book to you." "No," she quickly replied, "none of these books for me! Since you began studying them you are not what you used to be." "My dear," said the Rabbi, "why I only read these books that I may be able to write against those missionaries." His wife shook her head. "You only say so to put a plaster upon your wounded conscience." What his wife said lead the Rabbi to leave the books alone, but he could not get their contents out of his head, and, what was worse, it grew more and more difficult to answer their arguments. At last one day he took up the New Testament and then (to use his own words) "his soul and all the powers of his spirit were chained to the book." He sat up night after night, reading it and comparing its statements and those of the Old Testament, passage by passage.'

'But,' I said, 'the quotations in the New Testament are mostly taken from the Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, are they not?'

'Yes, they are, and that caused the Rabbi much greater difficulty in overcoming his doubts as to their being genuine, for, unfortunately, he was unacquainted with the Septuagint version. Now it happened that one night he became deeply interested in the Epistle to the Hebrews, so much so, that he did not think of going to rest till after the day had dawned. The consequence was that the congregation had assembled in the synagogue for morning prayers, and were wondering what had become of their Rabbi—their leader in prayer, their intercessor. A special messenger was sent to his house to summon him, and to see what had become of him. Aroused from his sweet slumbers by a furious knocking at the door, the Rabbi rose in haste, horror-stricken at his sloth, and, before he left the house, poured some water three times over his hands to purify them, so that he might touch the phylacteries and the talith and other sacred things. He stands in the reading desk, but his mind is bewildered and confused. He feels what he never felt before—how vain and artificial is the service; and the consequence is he makes blunder after blunder even in reciting the Shemang.* The Parnass† is amazed. Again and again he corrects the Rabbi. What can have come to him? Has some evil spirit possessed him? At last, fearing lest the wrath of God should turn against the whole congregation for the Rabbi's sin, he pounced upon the unfortunate man and beat him in the reading desk with might and main; so much so, that if some of those present had not dragged away the Parnass from the screaming Rabbi, the consequences might have been serious. For some days the Rabbi felt the pain of the blows inflicted upon him.'

'Poor fellow! I suppose what he suffered stopped all his researches into the truths of Christianity?'

'Indeed, my friend, you are mistaken. All that he had gone through only made the Rabbi the more eager and diligent in his search. The conviction dawned upon him that modern Judaism does not rest upon the sure foundation of the Word of God. He opened his mind to his wife, but, in spite of all the arguments he could bring forward, she would not so much as listen to him. At last one night he sent for me, and laid open to me all his troubles and perplexities, and then, at last, produced a number of questions which he wished answered. Having satisfied him on these points, I asked him, "Do you feel convinced of the Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth?' And thus he answered me—"That is one of the reasons wherefore I have sent for you. I have for a long time felt

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* The Jewish confession of faith. Deut. vi., 4.

† The ruler of the synagogue, an office similar to that of churchwarden.

very unhappy. I have tried to find rest for my soul by fasting; I have given alms; I have prayed day and night, confessing my sins before God; but all to no purpose, for I can find no rest. Whilst lately I was lying in the dust, praying, and confessing my sins and the sins of our people, it came into my mind that I must believe what Isaiah testified—'He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. Upon him was laid the iniquity of us all.' How then could I do otherwise than believe that Jesus of Nazareth is that Messiah, the Lord our Righteousness, the Word of God of which our writings are full?"

'All this and much more did that Rabbi tell me. We knelt down and prayed together, blessing God for his unspeakable gift, and praying for his wife and children and for all Israel.'

'And what was the result of this?' I asked.

'The Rabbi and his wife passed away in the Faith of Jesus Christ, and the children are all devoted, earnest Christians. But now no more. I must be off to bed. Good-night.'—From the 'Jewish Missionary Advocate.'

Answered Prayer.

A TRUE STORY.

(Birdie Burroughs in 'Sunday Friend.')

A friend once related to me the following little incident, as her first experience of answered prayer.

When a child, I had a few toys, was kept strictly, and obliged to spend my tiny allowance on materials for needlework.

One day, when about nine years old, I was strongly attracted by a doll in a shop window close to my home. It was marked threepence, but that small sum seemed quite out of my reach, and I was shy of asking my mother for it.

It occurred to me then for the first time, that I would cast my little burden on God, and I asked him definitely to give me the doll, and made the request that it should be mine at three o'clock next day.

Then I felt a weight lifted off my heart, and so sure a sense had I that God had heard and answered me, that I woke the next morning happy and expectant, and during the early hours of the day no doubt crossed my mind that my wish would be gratified.

However, the day slipped by, and when the clock on the mantelpiece marked noon, I began to feel discouraged. My hopes continued to sink, as the hands told off quarter after quarter, and there was no sign of an answer to my prayer. When they pointed to two o'clock I was in a very mournful mood. Surely, I thought, God has forgotten all about me. On sped the hand, marking a quarter-past two, half-past two, a quarter to three. My heart was now quite full.

At this moment, a small ornament, which I was nervously fingering, went to pieces in my hands. My tears, which only wanted an excuse to flow, burst forth. My mother, thinking they were caused by the accident, tried to comfort me. But finding caresses of no avail, she tried something else.

'Alice,' said she, 'I saw a pretty little doll in the shop close by (mentioning the name), would you like to run and get it?' and she placed a silver threepence in my hand.

It was exactly three o'clock!

Gold Mottoes.

A vain man's motto—win gold and wear it.
A generous man's motto—win gold, and share it.
A miser's motto—win gold and spare it.
A profligate's motto—win gold and spend it.
A broker's motto—win gold, and lend it.
A fool's motto—win gold, and end it.
A gambler's motto—win gold, and lose it.
A wise man's motto—win gold, and use it

Betty Morton and the Archbishop.

The mother of Archibald Tait died when he was three years old, leaving him to the care of his nurse, Betty Morton. At thirteen, he went to the Edinburgh Academy, which was a day school only. The boys lived at home or boarded in the families of the city, so that little Archibald was, like all the rest, thrown upon the society of some one outside the school, and for him it was the company of Betty Morton.

The course of study was very severe; six hours' continuous work by day, and as many more at night. But Tait rose rapidly to the head of his class, though he had not, like some of the older pupils, the benefit of a private tutor. He scarcely needed one, for Betty served instead. And unlearned though she was, she seemed to serve his purpose as well as any other.

He used to repeat his memorized Latin lessons aloud, and Betty held the book close to her eyes, diligently following every word as he said page after page. To her Latin was an unknown language, but that scarcely made a difference.

'Ay,' she would say, by way of encouragement, 'it maun be richt. It's just word for word, and it sounds like it.'

Then there would be a sudden lowering of the book and an ominous. 'Na! na! It's no that ava!' and Archibald knew that he was wrong.

Three years later he went to Glasgow University. Here again Betty accompanied him, and she not only tended him with motherly care, but made sure that his hours of study were not interrupted, even repulsing his friends, with inexorable firmness, when they came to the door.

He was still a young man when she died, and throughout her illness he was with her constantly. As the end approached, he showed a depth of tenderness which no one had suspected beneath his somewhat stern exterior. The two took the 'Lord's Supper' together, and were then left alone. All night the young man sat beside the old nurse's bed, and gave her words of comfort, as she could bear them, and as the morning broke, on New Year's day, she died, with her hand clasped in his.—'Youth's Companion.'

Not for a Woman.

Mrs. Wellington White, at a meeting in Toronto, referred to an incident which occurred while on her first evangelistic trip on a native boat up the river in China with a party of missionaries. Becoming tired of the slow motion of the boat, she, with other ladies of the party, were walking along the river's bank. In a short time they were espied by some women, who were working in the field, for in China the women work the same hours as the men, and are literally the burden-bearers. An old woman came up to Mrs. White, who quickly introduced the theme of the love of Jesus, and how he had died for her. For a time she listened quietly, but soon exclaimed, 'No, no, that is not true! He might die for a man, he might die for a man; but not for a woman! No, no, that is not true. Come away. He would not do that for a woman.' And she went away waving her hand—a gesture implying impatience, and warning her companions not to heed the strange woman. And as they walked along, Mrs. White was thinking of the old woman she would likely never see again, when she felt some one touching her shoulder, and on looking around, there stood the old woman, looking so anxious, and saying, 'Tell it again, is it true?' After talking with her for some time, she was invited on board the boat, and again the simple story of Jesus was told her, and after praying with her that the Holy Spirit would give her light, she left after having been given some of the Gospels to take to her village. Before leaving she said, 'Come to my village, and I will give you a place to stay in, and the people will treat you well, for I am the oldest woman in the village.' For a distance she ran along the bank asking such questions as, 'If I forget some of what you told me, will he still hear me?' and 'Will he answer my prayers?' then saying, 'Oh, pray for an old woman seventy years of age.' But at last she went over the hills to her village.

How to Help a Meeting.

Come.

Come early.

Bring somebody else.

Take a front seat.

Sing. Supposing you don't know one note from another, you will feel better for having tried and will encourage others.

Say something, if it is only two words; twenty-five short testimonies are better than a whole 'posy-bed of glittering nothings, or beautiful sunset sky rhetoric.' Men who come don't want gush, but they want life.

Don't keep your mouth shut for fear of making mistakes. Bless your heart, a hundred years from now the fact that you used frightful grammar won't bother you a bit if some soul was saved because you did say something.

Don't start a discussion.

Don't wait till the last one; somebody will say just what you wanted to. It always happens so.

Don't think about that engagement tomorrow.

Too much world in your heart will act like water on a fire.

If the meeting drags don't you drag; make it snap somehow.

Look just as pleasant as you can. It's contagious. Remember that it's God's service and not the human being leading.

Remember that the leader needs prayers, sympathy and support.

Remember that long prayers are too good for a good meeting.

Finally take home that part of the meeting that hit you the hardest, and think it over.

Don't pass it over your shoulder to the one back of you.

Make the stranger welcome.

Talk the meeting up and not down. If you cannot say anything good about it, keep quiet.

Pray much for blessing.—'First Church Herald,' Chicago.

Doubt.

I have a life with Christ to live,
  But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
  Of this or that book's date?
I have a life with Christ to live,
  I have a death in Christ to die—
And must I wait till science give
  All doubts a full reply?

Nay, rather while the sea of doubt
  Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
  Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ; and at Thy feet
  Take but the lowest seat;
And hear Thy awful voice repeat
  In gentlest accent, heavenly, sweet,
'Come unto Me and rest,
  Believe Me and be blest!'

—J. C. Sharp in 'Presbyterian.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Lucky Thirteenth.

(Mrs. F. M. Howard in 'Housekeeper.')

There was unusual quiet in the parsonage. The elder members of the family moved softly about, and the younger ones had been granted leave of absence. The father was in his study, with a relieved look upon his face, scratching busily away on the sermon which must be delivered on Sabbath day. A kindly, patient man, whose serene and hopeful trust in God had done much to lift him above the cares and burdens of life, of which, perhaps, he had more than the usual allotment.

In another room two of the members of his church were busily engaged with a new arrival in the family, commenting the while, as women will.

'For the land sakes! it's a girl. Worse and worse, for of course it'll be onlucky, poor thing. How could it help bein'?

'Very true,' assented Mrs. Parkin, with a sigh, for she was a kind-hearted woman. 'A thirteenth child, and born on the thirteenth of April. There isn't much chance for it, that's a fact.'

The baby began to cry most vigorously at these dismal predictions of its future, and the ladies were so busy in stilling it that further conversation was out of the question.

'It's a pretty child,' resumed Mrs. Elkins, as she skillfully introduced a sip of catnip tea into the tiny mouth. 'Plump as a little pattridge, and with eyes like black diminta; I'm sorry for Mis Winslow, though. The idee. As if twelve rompin' young ones wasn't enough for any mortal woman.'

'After all, Mrs. Elkins, one can hardly call them romps,' Mrs. Parkins said, folding the little slips and bands that had been left over from the baby's first toilet.

'They're quiet, well-behaved children, and I've heard people say that they'd rather have the whole bilin' come to see them than Brother Simses two that were here last year.'

'Indeed, yes. Those children were a terror to snakes. I always began to pack up things just as soon as I saw their carry-all comin', They broke two pieces out o' my best china set. I put on the old dishes after that, if they was minister's folks. Mis' Sims didn't seem to have no control some way, and Mr. Simses head was away up in the clouds discoverin' p'ints for his next sermon. Visitin' was a mortal bore to him, anyhow.'

'WE MIGHT AS WELL HANG UP OUR FIDDLE ON THAT UNLUCKY THIRTEENTH SIGN.'

'As it was to them he visited I should mistrust, if that was the case,' replied Mrs. Parkins. She was a new arrival in Smithville, and had escaped the pleasures of the Sims' pastoral visiting. 'If a pastor visits his people with his body and his stomach only, and leaves his heart and head in his study, he'd better stay at home altogether, says I.'

'Still he was handy to have around, in case of accidents,' Mrs. Elkins replied. 'If there was an unkivered soap tub or rain bar'l them children was sure to be into it. Elkins had a bar'l o' tar out in the back yard, and what did Tommy Sims do but crawl up and fall into that. He had white hair when he went in, but 'twas black enough when his pa hauled 'im out by the legs. I couldn't help laughing to save my life, scart as I was. I was going to have biscuit and honey for supper, but they wouldn't stay. They 'lowed they had better get him home before the tar stuck in. Mis' Sims seemed to be sorter huffy because we had the stuff on the primises, but land, people couldn't always cut their cloth to suit two meddlesome children.'

'I should say not,' Mrs. Parkins assented, affably; ''twould be more to the purpose to clap the children into straight jackets when they come if their pa and ma couldn't attend to 'em. Well, this little creetur'll be brought up right; that's some comfort, if it is a thirteenth.'

Mrs. Elkins had administered the catnip, and now held the infant snuggled close to her capacious breast as she rocked to and fro in a creaky chair. 'Yes, if it lives,' she said, with a doubtful intonation. 'The rest of 'em is hearty enough, but——'

Mrs. Parkins shook her head. Though better educated than Mrs. Elkins, she was still a firm believer in signs and omens. 'I went to a picnic once, and when we come to eat there were thirteen at table. I was all of a tremble when I counted up.'

'And did anyone die?' Mrs. Elkins asked eagerly.

'Well,—no,—not that year,' Mrs. Parkins admitted, reluctantly. 'One of the main ones at that picnic lost her only daughter about four years afterward. Almost killed her. No one dast speak to her about the child, she was that prostrated.'

'She might a-died anyway,' Mrs. Elkins suggested at a venture.

'Yes, she might so,' Mrs. Parkins admitted, somewhat reluctantly, 'still a body can't help thinking.'

In spite of these uncanny predictions at her birth, the baby grew like a little weed planted in fertile soil. She was a stocky little creature, firm of limb and strong of will and temper, yet sunny and lovable as the dawn. It was a remarkable circle she had fallen into, else she might have been spoiled through an excess of attention or neglect. Mrs. Winslow had never been without a baby in her arms since the first year of her married life, still she was fair and sweet, unwrinkled compared with some of her age, who, with one child or none, made for themselves care and trouble of trifles. Nettie, the oldest, was eighteen, and her mother's right-hand assistant; then came the twins, aged sixteen, sturdy boys full of grit and grateful purpose to 'help father' when the period of torn jackets and high schooling was past. College was quite out of the question, and they accepted the inevitable with boyish dignity and good nature.

'Father's gray hairs must come down with honor to the grave boys,' said Dan, the leader of the two (for there was a leader, indefinable as the difference was between them to strangers), to the next younger brother, who had been caught in some boyish folly. They were human boys, bright and full of fun, if they were minister's sons, and with immature judgment as to the shades of right and wrong.

'That's correct,' assented Dan, emphatically. 'There's a lot of us, and we must take care of each other without bothering the pater with all our little worries.'

The praiseworthy sentiment ran down the

line from eldest to youngest, and the twelve were like a well-disciplined little army in their self-imposed duty of helping father, mother and each other.

The little thirteenth had come as a surprise to all of them, for it seemed as if their ranks were full, and that an odd number would be out of place among them, but Mrs. Winslow had learned the lesson of mother love, and she pressed the little one to her warm heart with joy that she was accounted worthy to have so many immortal souls intrusted to her keeping.

The twin girls, Dell and Dora (aged ten), took upon themselves the care of the new baby. After the mother's claim, the thirteenth belonged to them. They named her Ruth, after a favorite picture of the devoted gleaner which hung in their room, and as she grew she made a very pretty, dimpled picture for herself. She reflected honor upon the care of her little nurses, for she had no affinity for dirt and disorder. She was not a crying child, and clean, contented and happy, she passed her baby days, a comfort and joy to all.

As was inevitable in a family so large, the elder members began to drop out. Nettie was too sweet and helpful to escape the notice of Cupid, and the first wedding occurred when Ruth was five. The twins had good positions in a neighboring city, and the next youngest sister was taking a course at a business college, and at the same time making a home for her brothers.

Still the dining table at home was comfortably filled at meal time, and, strange as it may seem, the cruse of oil and the barrel of meal had always been renewed, and there had been modest comfort and plenty in the minister's family through all the years, though his salary had never been large.

Mrs. Parkins and Mrs. Elkins watched the child in vain for the fulfilment of their prophecy, but, on the contrary, she was singularly fortunate. Where other children had baby diseases with severity, Ruth escaped with only a slight touch sufficient for protection, and accidents turned their safe side to the child who was born under an unlucky omen.

'Ruthie always slips through unharmed,' her father said, with a thankful heart, when she was brought home unhurt from a runaway which threatened serious disaster to all concerned. 'God is very good to us.'

'She'll come to it yet,' Mrs. Elkins said, talking over the matter with her crony, Mrs. Parkins. She was not exactly anxious that Ruth should come to grief, but superstition dies hard, and she was certainly interested in seeing her pet theory vindicated.

'If she don't I'll never believe in an unlucky sign again,' replied Mrs. Parkins, 'and maybe I'd be just as well off and a good deal happier if I didn't. Parkins has no end of fun at my "notions," as he calls them.'

When Ruth was fifteen, the first real opportunity of her life came to her. She was a bonny maiden, taking life in a simple, matter of fact way which robbed it of very much of its care. She had learned that lesson of wisdom, to be content with what she had, and if the family purse allowed her a new gown she was girlishly pleased, and she shed a few tears over the pretty hats and fresh gloves which other girls wore, as contrasted with her limited supply. Yet Ruth liked pretty things, and adorned them with a portion of her sweetness and grace when they fell to her lot.

The years had greatly diminished 'the roll call,' as Mr. Winslow facetiously named his large flock when they were all together. Business, with a large percent of matrimony among the girls, had claimed all but the three youngest.

The motherly twins were mothering babies of their own, and Mrs. Winslow made a very fair, sweet grandmamma to an adoring circle of little ones, and there was none of that loneliness which comes into the old age of the father and mother of a small family after the one of two lambs of the flock choose fresh pastures.

There was not a black sheep among the Winslow flock. Mr. Winslow's hand had always been firm, as well as gentle, among his children, and principles of rectitude and virtue had been instilled with the first dawning of their intelligence; and associating with each other so largely in their first impressionable years, the powers of evil had less opportunity to sow tares in their immature minds, an advantage the large family has over the smaller one.

Mrs. Winslow had a brother in California whom she had not seen in many years; he was quite reticent in regard to himself, and therefore when he dropped in one spring morning, unannounced and unexpected, his appearance was quite characteristic.

'I heard you had a baker's dozen of children, Sophie,' he said, as he looked around the room with a comical smile, 'and it seems to be true, judging from the pictures. Regular photograph gallery.'

'Yes,' Mrs. Winslow replied. 'As the children went away we filled their places with a picture, so far as a shadow can take the place of the real presence. It does make quite a showing, I confess, still we could not spare one of them, could we, father?'

'No, not one' Mr. Winslow answered heartily.

'Not even the thirteenth?'

'The thirteenth least of all. She is our Benjamin.'

'I had thought of borrowing her,' Mr. Gregory continued. 'I am going on to New York City next week, and with your permission I would like to have Ruthie go with me. I have no little girl of my own to keep me company, and it is lonely work for a poor old fellow like me to go about alone.'

Ruth's eyes began to sparkle. To travel had been one of the secret desires of her patient heart, and she had never been beyond her own county.

'Why, brother,' Mrs. Winslow exclaimed, in dismay, 'how could I sleep nights with my baby so far away?'

'Pretty sizable baby' Mr. Gregory laughed merrily, 'but she's got her eye teeth cut, and it will do her good to brush up against the world a bit. There's a pile of things worth seeing in this big world of ours, Sophie, and the child deserves a chance.'

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow were always glad to improve every opportunity of pleasure or profit for their children, and the village dressmaker was at once summoned in Ruth's behalf, while Ruth herself went about in a maze of delight.

'Don't load the child down with a lot of finery, Sophie,' Mr. Gregory said, as he watched the dressmaker plying nimble fingers. 'Leave plenty of room in her trunk, for we shall pick up truck enough to fill it, no doubt.'

'Well, well, I never did see the beat on't, never,' Mrs. Elkins observed as the little procession from the parsonage passed her gate on the way to the station, Ruth, flushed and happy, with her uncle, the rest of the family following soberly. Glad as they were to give her a treat, a large spot of the family sunshine would be taken out in Ruth's going away. 'If that young one don't manage to light on her feet every time. By good rights it orter be Mis' Winslow herself to go fer an outin', but after all I don't know but young folks enjoy such things full better than old ones. Mis' Winslow would worry half her time for fear his socks wan't mended, and the other half for fear Ruth wasn't having good luck with the bread, but Ruth—my land—she won't worry about nothin'. Ketch her! she'll take holt and enjoy every blessed minit of it.' A sigh came from the withered old lips. The beauty and freshness of youth broke upon her with a fresh sense of contrast; then her old habit of croaking in regard to Ruth asserted itself. 'I do hope the train won't run off the track and the child come home kilt. If I was her ma, and she a thirteenth, I should worry every blessed minit.'

Happy little Ruth, in the flying train, would have laughed at the lugubrious expression on the withered old face, seamed and wrinkled through much worrying over the calamities which never came, rather than the real trials of life. There are other lives which are passed in her way, full of worries and cares which might better be trusted to the care of an all-wise and tender Father.

The next three weeks were enchanted ones to Ruth. Wonderful Niagara struck her almost speechless with its grandeur; the great ocean thrilled her through and through with its majesty. She enjoyed the cities with their bewildering sights and sounds, but after all Nature touched the depths of her beauty-loving heart, and Ruth grew, mentally and spiritually, as she drank in the wondrous beauty of land and sea.

Her uncle watched her with quiet pleasure as her face flushed with delight, and her eyes filled with the moisture of ecstacy when some fresh wonder of beauty broke upon her vision. He was learning to love her very dearly as they were thrown upon each other so entirely for entertainment and care. She was a patient little traveller, never complaining or fretful when unpleasant contingencies arose, and ever thoughtful for his comfort rather than her own.

'If little girls were for sale, I know of one whom I should be willing to pay a good round price for,' he said one day, pinching her ear suggestively.

'O, but mamma could not spare me,' Ruth answered quickly. She was enjoying her trip to the utmost, but home was dear and nothing yet could take the place of home ties.

Mr. Gregory laughed. 'I imagine it's the little thirteenth who cannot spare mamma,' he replied. 'That is right, my child. A mamma is the very best friend a young girl can have; a grizzly old uncle cannot compare with her.

'You're just as lovely as you can be, Uncle Chris. The very best uncle in the world, but then——'

'Bless your loyal little heart, of course it is "but then;" I shouldn't love you so well if you could be bought,' he replied, patting her cheek. He had not told her that a piano was travelling westward as fast as trains could carry it. He had taken her with him to visit a piano manufactory, and shown her the processes employed, from the seasoned wood of the case to the ivory keys, and her eyes had sparkled with the joy of a musical soul as she had timidly touched the keys of a magnificent parlor grand in the show room. The old piano at home had served its day and generation well. It had been banged to amuse babies, and passed through more or less of honorable duty in furnishing practice for the twelve, who at one time or another had conceived a passion for notes and scales. None of them were musical experts, but the old piano had a strong constitution or it would have long since lost its usefulness as an instrument of music.

Ruth played her simple tunes upon it for

her uncle, quite unconscious of the thoughts its jangling tones were awakening in his mind. 'Old rattle-box; no wonder it squeaks and groans in its old age,' he said to himself as Ruth ended a brisk little march with a flourish which betrayed faults of tune too clearly for comfort to his sensitive ears. 'If I had been pummeled by twelve pairs of hands—not to mention the thirteenth—all these years, I doubt, if I should have a sound note in my body, either.'

Ruth clasped her mother's neck in a transport of delight when she reached home. 'O, mamma!' she cried, breathlessly. 'I've had the loveliest, bestest time, but coming home is the dearest and best of it all, I do believe.'

Her uncle enjoyed her surprise quite as much as he had expected when she spied the new piano standing in the place of the old one. She flew at him with a little shriek of delight.

'You naughty uncle, to be so good to me,' she cried, between kisses.

'Good to you! Well, Miss, you take things quite for granted, it strikes me,' Mr. Gregory said smilingly. 'Mamma stayed at home and kept the pot boiling while we went skerruping. I think she deserves a present.'

'That is quite true, Uncle. I'll thank you as sincerely for mamma's piano then!'

'Perhaps she will allow you to practice on it a little, though. I shall expect to hear "Yankee Doodle" well executed the next time I come. Every American girl should be able to play the national airs well.'

The memory of that wonderful month of travel lingered in Ruth's mind long after her uncle had gone back to his California home.

He had given Mrs. Winslow a taste of travel also before he went, a recreation which brightened her eyes and brought a tinge of pink into her cheeks. He had been her favorite brother in the old home life, and as they parted she said to him, feelingly, 'Please do not leave us so long again, Chris. It seems wrong for families to entirely lose sight of each other.'

'If Matt had been able to travel we should have been here long ago,' he replied. 'I wish you could spare little Ruth to us for a year or so. Matt needs just such a champion.'

'I'll think of it, Chris,' Mrs. Winslow replied. 'I did not dream we should miss her so, but if it is best and right, I would be willing to deny myself much for your sake.'

'She shall have the best the city affords in the line of education,' he said, laying his hand affectionately on Ruth's bright hair.

And so it came to pass afterward that Ruth spent three years in San Francisco; years of active study and social culture which transformed her from an untrained schoolgirl in a country town to a thoughtful, cultured young woman, whose active mind unfolded in the congenial atmosphere of culture and research as a rose unfolds in the sunlight.

She was still sunny-faced, cheerful Ruth, her uncle's treasure and the sunshine of her aunt's invalid chamber. Mrs. Gregory had long been a sufferer from an obscure disease which unfitted her for active life, and she had grown morbid and low-spirited through long confinement. Ruth acted upon her like a healthful tonic, her interest in the young girl's advancement arousing her from self-contemplation and brooding.

It was almost as hard for Ruth to leave her aunt as it had been to say good-bye to her mother; but Mrs. Winslow had met with an accident and needed Ruth so sadly that there was no question of duty in the matter, so the good-byes were said, and Ruth was speeding toward home, the echo of a manly voice in her ears which had said in parting, 'I shall come for you soon, dear. I

Violets.
"A welcome warm we render
to the wee buds shy and tender
That dare to come so early
making sweet the forest dells."
H.G.GHOSER.

cannot spare you very long, even to the best of mothers.'

'We might as well hang up our fiddles on that onlucky thirteenth sign,' Mrs. Elkins said in a tone of unwilling conviction a year later.

A wedding party had just passed her house, and her neck had been craned out in eager curiosity as she leaned on her broom in her front porch to catch a glimpse of the bride's gown and the bridegroom's face. Mrs. Parkins had run over so as to get a better view of the proceedings from Mrs. Elkins's porch.

'I've watched Ruth Winslow from a baby, expectin' something'd happen to 'er, and there has, I must say, ever since she was born, but its allers been something uncommon good.'

'They do say this young feller she's married to is rich, and harnsome as Ruth is herself,' replied Mrs. Parkins. 'It'll come hard for Mrs. Winslow to spare Ruth, but it's what most o' mothers come to after they've brought up a family.'

'Le's see. Twenty-four of 'em all counted, and not a scrub amongst 'em,' Mrs. Elkins continued. 'I tell Mrs. Winslow she's the luckiest woman I ever seen in her children's marryin'. It's like a convention over to the pars'nage. A bed in every corner, and then the neighbors has to take the overflow. They've never all been home together before, but, as the twins says, it's a sort o' jubilee occasion when the baby gets married, and they all wanted to see the new brother. It'll all end, I reckon, in Mr. an' Mis' Winslow goin' to Californy to live some day.

'Well, I reckon they won't want for a home in their old age,' Mrs. Parkins replied, reflectively. 'There ain't one of 'em but would think 'twas the greatest kind of a privilege to have Pa or Ma live with them, though I ain't sayin' as that kind o' livin' is the best for anybody. There's no place like home, especially for old folks.'

So the question of the past, present and future of the Winslows was settled by the worthy cronies, now quite advanced in years, and the ancient superstition which they had believed in firmly faded from their minds as they saw its fallacy demonstrated so forcibly in the life of Ruth, the lucky thirteenth, as they now call her.

Don't Fret.

(Mary D. Brine in 'Forward.')

What are we fretting for, day after day
Worrying our lives and good tempers away;
Envying our neighbors, and reaching for gains
Which, when we attain them, are not worth our pains.
If we know in our hearts that in heaven above
There's a 'Father' who watches his children in love,
Then, why are we not true to that knowledge and so
Just trust to him wholly, and let the 'cares' go?
'God is in heaven—'tis well with the world,'
For His glorious banners o'er earth are unfurled.
Then let us be happy, and 'worry' no more;
Where faith enters in, doubt flies out the heart's door;
And, once rid of doubt, it is true as can be
That the heart from all worries and fears must be free.

About Jelly-Fish.

A CHAT WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

(Rev. W. Williams, F.L.S., in 'The Spectator' (Australia).

In reality jelly fish are not fish at all, but many people seem to think that anything in the sea must be a fish, but that is not so. The scientific name for a jelly fish is 'Medusa.' Among the old fables of the Greeks was this, that there were three sisters, named Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa. Some used to say that they lived in the sea. They were supposed to be monsters with immense claws and teeth. Medusa is represented by the old Greek writers as a woman with snakes on her head instead of hair. Scientific men seemed to see in the long trailing, curling arms of the jelly fish something to remind them of this terrible woman, and so named it Medusa. In such a strange way are names sometimes given. If you look at the figure 'g' in the block, you will see the kind of medusa that may have suggested writhing, coiling snakes.

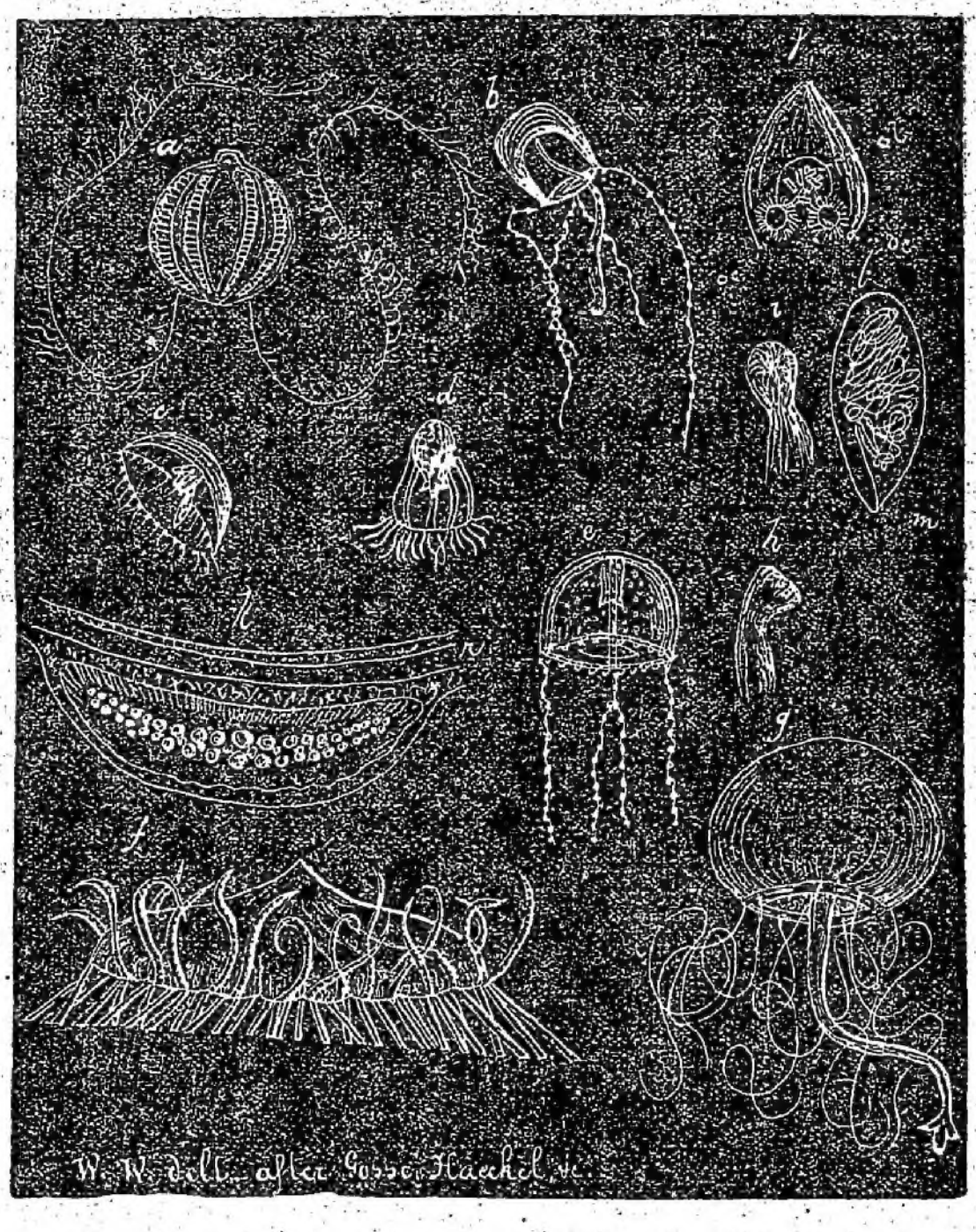
I have drawn several kinds of jelly fish to show you some of the different shapes. Figures a, b, c, d, e, f, and g are all medusae (plural of medusa), and each different from the others. Figure a is almost like a globe in form, and is just like a lump of clear jelly, as transparent as glass. It has two long streamers, each with a number of little hair-like processes fringing the whole length. Strange to say, it can move each little hair separately, and curls it up or straightens it at will. You may see this shown in the figure. It swims very freely in the water. But how does it swim? Perhaps you would think that the streamers row it along, but they do not, they simply trail behind it, and probably help to steer it. On the figure you will see something like four ladders or gratings following the sweep of the body. These are in reality little floats, like the floats on the paddle-wheel of a steamer, only they act as if they were hinged to the body along the lower edge, and as they are made to rise and fall they strike the water, and drive the little crystal sphere along. If you hold out your hand before you, and keeping the joints of the fingers stiff, bend the wrist quickly, you will see how these floats act.

But that is not the way jelly fish usually swim. You may have seen them in the bay, and noticed that they have something like an umbrella or mushroom, as a part of the body. Look at e, f, g, and you will see different forms of this umbrella, as it is called. The medusa swims by opening the umbrella as wide as it can, and then partly closing it. This closing action drives out part of the water contained in it, and as it rushes out it drives the animal in the opposite direction, something like the recoil of a gun, which strikes the firer's shoulder, while the charge flies out at the muzzle.

Many of the medusae are like bells in shape; some deep, others shallow. Look at the block and pick them out. From the top of the bell inside hangs down what we may call the clapper of the bell; or, regarding the animal as an umbrella, this is the handle. Figures b and g show this well. It is called by a name (manubrium) which means 'a handle.' This is an important part of the animal, as it contains the mouth, which is at the very bottom, and often has four fleshy lips. In this part the food is digested also, and nourishment is there provided for the whole of the body.

If you look at e and g you will notice that the bottom or mouth of the umbrella is partly closed in, an opening being left for the passage of sea water, and for the long flexible body to come through. This ring of jelly, which partly closes the mouth, is called the vellum, that is, 'the veil.' Running round the edge of the umbrella, where it joins the veil, is a tube. From the spot where the handle is fastened to the umbrella four similar tubes start out in directions that may be called east, west, north and south. They run through the umbrella and join the tube that runs round the edge, and this is the way in which the particles of digested food are carried to every part of the umbrella. In d you will see these canals or tubes, shown as doubled lines.

It is well known that some jelly fish sting severely. On the streamers, or 'tentacles,' as they are called, of b you may notice a number of dots. These are the 'threadcells,' similar to those of which you heard in the 'chat' on sea anemones. Figure 1 shows one of these cut open. Inside is coiled up a long tube with a very sharp point at the



end, which carries poison. The other end is joined to the skin of the little bag at m. When the medusa wishes to sting, this part begins to turn inside out, and to poke out as it turns. So it goes on till the whole tube is turned inside out like a stocking, and then it is outside the bag, and the sharp point at the other end stings and poisons. In this way the medusa kills the tiny fish and other animals on which it lives, then draws them by these tentacles to its mouth, at the end of the handle, and sucks them in.

The sting is felt very severely by some people, very little by others. A gentleman who has written a great deal about animals, the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., said that he once nearly lost his life through a sting. He was swimming, when a jelly fish struck him with its little spears. He says that the part tingled severely; then he had sharp darting pains; then a sudden shock as if a bullet passed through the breast from one side to the other; then the heart and lungs failed for a time. If he had had to swim another hundred yards he would have sunk and been drowned. Once he was obliged to walk nearly two miles after being stung, and at about every two hundred yards he fell down, and for months he was afraid of feeling again that pain like a bullet going through him, and leaving him on the ground gasping and speechless. Strangely enough, he once went into a sea bath, and trod on a bit of a stinging tentacle which had been pumped in with the water, and although it was cut off from the body, it stung him, though only slightly.

On the edge of the umbrella in c and e you will notice other little lumps. Some of these are eyes, which are often colored beautifully. In j you see one of these lumps, or 'sense clubs,' as they are called, highly magnified. In this case it carries two eyes, as you will see (marked oc), and above them a half-round pit filled with little straight crystals (marked ol). Some think that this little pit is the part with which the medusa smells. This is very likely so, though of course it is very hard to prove it. It is not probable that these eyes see anything very clearly, but it is proved, in a way I will not stop to explain, that they do see light by these eyes.

Other lumps have a different duty. Look at k. This is one of the other lumps cut out from the umbrella. On the top at r you will see a little bit of the circular canal or tube of which I spoke just now. Below that there is an open space, with a number of little balls in it of different sizes, as you see. This is the medusa's ear, and in some way that I don't think is very clear, the little balls (called 'otoliths,' which means 'earstones') help it to hear. I suppose these stones act in some such way as the bones in our own ear, by passing on the sound. You would not think that filling the ear with little stones would help hearing.

In f you have another interesting thing. The tentacles on the margin of the umbrella are of two kinds. First you see those that curl and wave in the water trying to get hold of food. Then there are the straight ones below. These are called 'sucking tentacles,' because they have each a sucker at the end. In h and i you may see the end of one of these tentacles, showing the sucker in two ways. These are the anchors of the beautiful violet-colored medusa there drawn. He puts them down on some fixed point, such as a rock, takes hold of it with his suckers, and fixes himself there, while he fishes with the other tentacles for his food.

I think this will enable you to look at jelly fish when you see them with some knowledge of how they live, and what each part of the body means. We see in them a new way of swimming that we have not had before, that is, by the use of the umbrella, also the little floats on the body of a are I think new to us. You see how many different parts God has designed for enabling animals to move about. He is a very wonderful designer indeed. He cares for their comfort too, and suits every one to the life it has to live, and the element in which it has to move.

The Widow's Mite.

(Prize story in 'Ram's Horn.')

'It is well to know that attempted things
Are counted and crowned by the King of Kings.'

'Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.' The words rang out encouragingly, even triumphantly, from the lips of the earnest young pastor; echoing from bare wall to bare wall of the little building where a faithful few had gathered for prayer on this blustering November evening. There were but a few present: barely sufficient to claim the promise, but whatever depressing influence the paucity of numbers may have had in the beginning of the service, it had all been dispelled by the intense zeal of the speaker, and now, in the closing appeal, his whole form seemed to take on new force and vigor while his face was radiant with the glow of the divine message that thrilled his being.

Though so scant in number, he had the satisfaction of knowing that all present were giving eager attention to his words. Even the poor soul sitting near the stove, fighting bravely but ineffectually to stifle the harsh, rasping cough that so piteously shook her slight form at every paroxysm—even she, he noticed, with pleasure, seemed to be earnestly following him in his exposition of the text.

'Go forth!' said he, in closing, 'go forth, beloved, with confidence, not in yourselves, but in him who hath overcome the world. Be diligent in spreading abroad the knowledge of God's love and power of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; thereby shall ye lay up for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come.'

* * * * * * *

The service is over, and the little band of worshippers hurry through the storm, all eager to reach the warmth and shelter of home. One turns to the north; facing the sleet-laden wind with bowed head, drawing her shawl more closely about her thin form as she starts on her journey.

'Let me help you, Mrs. Adams,' says the cheery voice of the pastor. 'Here, take my arm, please; this is a bad night for you to be out—yet I was very glad to see you, and you haven't far to go. How are you getting along, and what does Dr. Mack say about the hospital?'

'He thinks that I would be more comfortable in the hospital, but he holds out no hope of my recovery;' here the troublesome cough interrupted for a moment; 'I'm glad the distance is so short to-night in this storm. God pity the homeless and destitute.'

'Amen, and may his blessing rest on you, Mrs. Adams. Remember, the crown is for those who endure to the end. Good night.'

The lonely woman passes into the house and quietly makes her way up to her little room, repressing, to the best of her ability, the distressing cough, lest it disturb the rest of the household. Almost a stranger among strangers, her life, fast ebbing away, held very little of comfort or pleasure from a worldly standpoint. But no word of complaint was ever heard from her.

Her beloved husband had died many, many years ago, and her only son, the mainstay and joy of her declining years, went out from her one bright, winter's morning, with a smile of love lighting his face, and as she fondly watched him riding across the sunlit yet bleak Dakota prairie, he turned and waved back a farewell that was fixed for ever in her tender memory of him. Caught in a furious blizzard that evening, on his homeward road, she saw him no more until the warm sun of a late spring melted away the coverlet of snow that had been his winding sheet.

Two years ago she came to this great city, hoping that where so many found employment she, also, might be able to earn her daily bread. The struggle had been too much for her strength. She had found an abiding place in a quiet suburb, where the noise of the huge western metropolis was toned down by distance to a melodious murmur somewhat like the sound of the sea. The little that sufficed for her existence, she earned by scrubbing and cleaning the waiting rooms at the railway depot; but her life's task was nearly done.

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One sentence from the pastor's lips had taken possession of her; in the silent watches of the night it came to her wakeful mind with redoubled force and emphasis. 'Don't bury your one talent—if it be but one—but keep it bright by constant use in the Master's service.' How plainly she could hear his pleading voice and mark, once more, the deep earnestness that shone in his eyes. Yes! her heart responded to the urgent, loving call; but what could she do? Nothing, literally nothing. Her utter helplessness and her inability to do anything for the Master weighed very heavily upon her, so that her spirit sank in grief, but the blessed thought that her great high priest, Jesus, was touched with a feeling of her infirmities, brought consolation and sleep to her tired mind and body.

The following day was bitterly cold, and the pain in her poor side had increased so that, at times, it was almost unbearable. But that evening she went about her weekly task of cleaning the waiting room as patiently as ever, with a tender regret lingering ever in her mind because of her lack of power to do anything for her beloved Saviour.

A sudden fit of coughing served to draw the attention of the agent. 'Oh, Mrs. Adams,' said he, 'I wouldn't bother about scrubbing the rest of the room to-night. I didn't notice what you were doing. It's too cold; besides, you'd better go home and take something for that awful cough.'

With a quiet word of thanks she finished the portion of work in hand, then walking over to a bulletin board hanging against the wall, she reached up on tip-toe and inserted a few invitation cards and tracts among the other notices on the board. This had been her custom each week, and now she looked up at them by the flickering light that came from the fire in the open stove, then with a fervent prayer for God's blessing upon them she went out into the night.

* * * * * * *

On the platform she passed a man who was pacing up and down. He opened the door she had just closed, gave one keen look into the dim-lit empty room and entering, seated himself near the stove. When the station agent came out and busily poked up the fire, he rose to his feet with a question as to the next train west and moved over to the dark side of the room, resting his shoulders heavily against the bulletin board. Evidently very much disturbed, his comely, boyish face working with ill-suppressed emotion as he impatiently shifted his weight from one foot to the other, while his restless hands closed and unclosed spasmodically.

The sound of an oncoming train brought a sigh of relief from him as he straightened up from the wall. He started nervously as he felt something cold slip down between his collar and the back of his neck. Swiftly his hand went up and brought to his view one of the simple cards left by the widow. Stepping nearer the light he glanced at it and read:

.. ..
.. .. ..
.. My son: if sinners entice thee, ..
.. consent thou not. ..
.. .. ..
.. ..

Why! What is there in such a simple message to cause so vast a change? He stands and gazes like one petrified, looking at the little card but seeming to see through and beyond it.

'There's the train,' says the agent. 'D'you want a ticket?' Receiving no answer, he passes out, and returning after the train has gone, finds the stranger still standing staring blankly at the card. At length he seems to notice the scrutinizing look of the puzzled station agent, and becomes conscious of his surroundings. Without a word he turns and leaves the room, and with swift, powerful strides he marches forward into the storm.

'My son: if sinners entice thee.' It seems but yesterday that he stood by the bedside of his dying father—the grandest, truest, noblest man he had ever known—and heard from his loving lips the sentence he had just read on the card he still held crushed up in his hand. Every word of that last message was ringing through his brain now, while his hand feels again the firm yet tender clasp that held him so steadfastly while he listened to the parting words of counsel and comfort.

'Consent thou not.' Ah! but he had consented. He had been enticed by a Delilah, and knew in his heart, that he had been the plaything and sport of those who had beguiled him from the path of right. They had plucked him like a pigeon caught in the meshes of the fowler, and had led him step by step until, to-night, he stood—just on the threshold of manhood—dishonored and a fugitive. He had consented—and this very night had started to take the final step that would forever separate him from mother, home, respectability and God. He had come to the quiet suburban station that none might ever be able to trace him in his flight, and when the morning dawned he would be in company——

No! A thousand times no! Come what may, he is determined that he will go no further in that path. He will go back to his dear, ill-used mother and confess all. New life comes into his heart as he steps bravely out to execute the new-formed resolution while the face of his revered father seems to smile upon him once more.

* * * * * * *

The tardy light of the winter's sun, shining the next morning through the lace curtains of an uptown residence, rested on the heads of mother and penitent son—truly joined in heart once more—as their voices blended in a united petition to God for pardon for the prodigal.

The same sunlight poured through the uncurtained window of that upper chamber that had been the abiding place of the Widow Adams. The summons had come, and the ransomed soul had gone home. The daylight revealed the lifeless body; the once sad, worn face now glorified by a smile of wondrous beauty, as if, in the moment of partition, she had heard the Master's greeting:—

'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

Perishable.

On a barrel of goods I recently observed the word at the head of this article. It showed the need of its being forwarded with haste. That single word suggested much more than was intended. I thought that with propriety it might be inscribed on all earthly things. It might be written on the riches of the world.

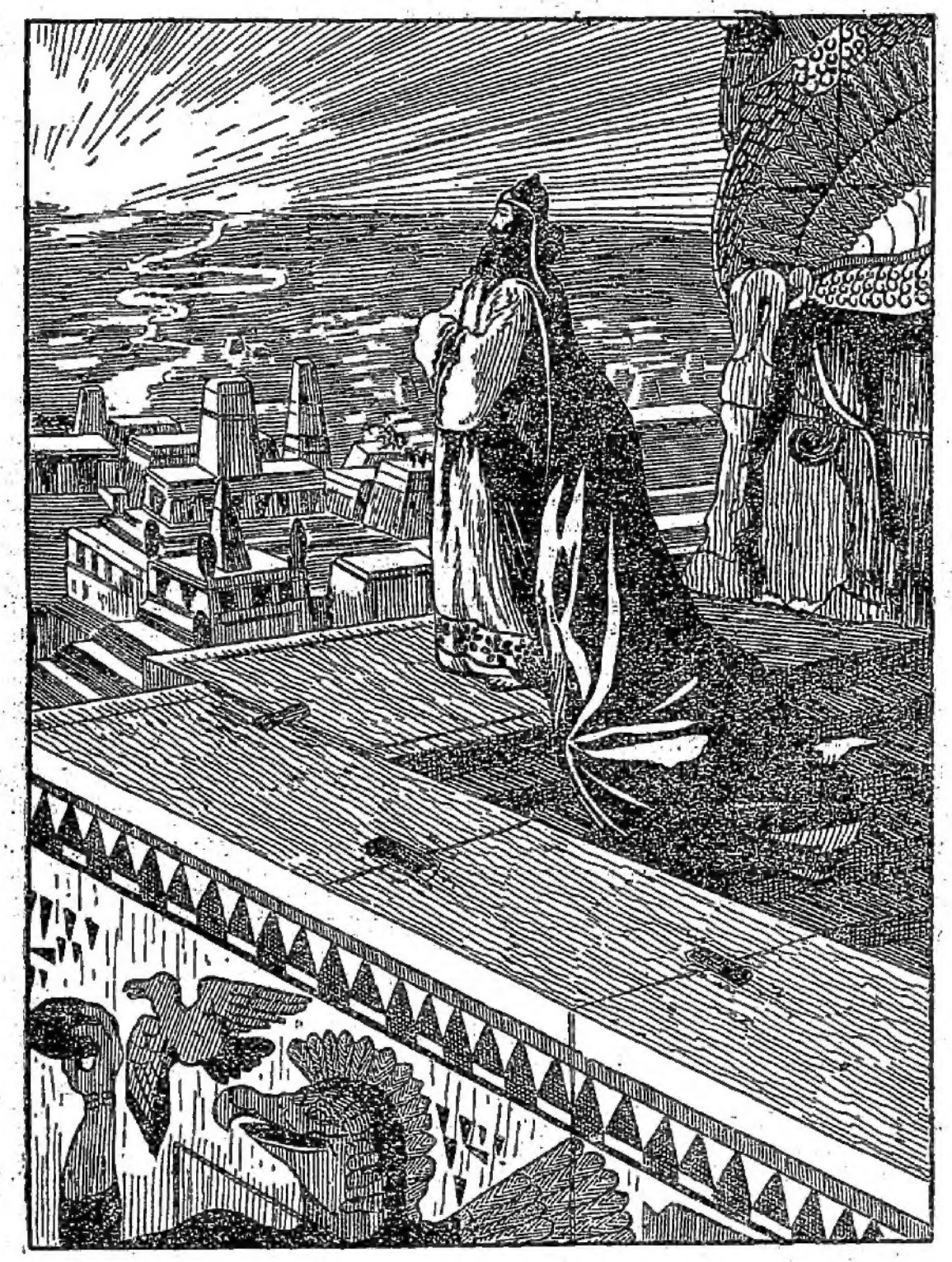
None of these are durable. They perish with the using. They are unly walking in his palace, and saying—

'Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?'

And while he yet speaks there falls upon his ear a voice from heaven, saying—

'O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee.'

And the same hour was the thing



"IS NOT THIS GREAT BABYLON, THAT I HAVE BUILT?"

certain possessions. The fire and the flood may destroy them. The moth and the rust may corrupt them. Thieves may break through and steal them. They may suddenly make themselves wings and fly away.

It might be written on the honors of the world. None of these are enduring. None of them are secure to their possessors. Those who occupy the highest seats of power and fame are not sure of them for a day. Now we see Nebuchadnezzar proudfulfilled upon him. His glory was turned to shame.

And so as regards the pleasures of the world. How short-lived are all of these! They are but for a brief season. And so of the fashions of the world. How changing; and how soon do they pass away! And so our bodies, how frail and crumbling! How soon do they return to the dust, of which they are!

And so of the world itself. Peter warns us of a time, rapidly approaching, when the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up. And well does he go on to say—

'Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Sunbeam.

Once a sunbeam found its way into a house. In it came through an opening in the blind. Now, you will hardly guess what so sorely puzzled little Willie, who was in the room at the time the sunbeam entered.

Wherever the stream of light caused by the sunbeam went, there little Willie saw a thin line like smoke. Willie was much puzzled. Then his mother explained the nature of it to him, and told him it was dust.

'Dust!' he cried. 'Then how is it that the other parts of the room, where the sunbeam does not shine, are not also full of dust?'

Then his mother told him that it was the same all over the room, although he could not see it; and, indeed, that it is the same everywhere all over the world, in a greater or less degree.

In the evening, after the sun had done shining for that day, Willie begged his father to tell him more about the dust.

So his father told Willie that, although he could not see it, yet the dust was in the room still, and that the reason he saw it before was because the little stream of light which shone into the comparatively dark room made all things clear to the eye where the sunbeam fell. Then Willie's father told him that the sunbeam is God's light, which is so pure and bright that it detects the dust in any room, no matter how clean the room may be.

But God has also a light to show the dust of sin in our hearts. That light is the Word of God. When the Holy Spirit of God makes this light shine into our hearts, we find that they are 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'

God gave us this light to show us these things, and God's light makes our sins plain to us. We may try to shut out the light, and succeed for a while.

Sometimes, by trying to keep the room, as it were, very clean — that is, by trying to be good—people fancy there is no dust flying about,

no sins filling the heart; but directly the light shines in, it shows that the heart is full of iniquity. It is very foolish to suppose that we are not sinners just because we do not see our wicked thoughts and deeds.

The light of God's Holy Word not only shows what we are, but it shows us that we may look on him and live, and be saved.

Has the light shone into your heart, and shown you that you are a sinner? Has it shown you that Jesus died for sinners?—'Faithful Words.'

How Johnnie Learned to Wipe His Feet.

(Ida M. Gardner in 'Sunday-school Times.')

'Did you wipe your feet, Johnnie?'

'No, mamma; I forgot.'

'Run back and do it, then, please.'

'Yes, mamma.'

There was a prolonged and energetic scraping and rubbing of two obedient feet on the hall rug.

'Mamma, won't you tell me why you have to wipe your feet every time you come into the house?'

'Yes, if you cannot find out yourself.'

Johnnie looked interested. Mamma always let him find out things for himself when he could. He had found already that there was always a reason behind her commands, and he enjoyed hunting for it.

'Where can I begin?'

'Well, walk all around the rooms, and, when you are near the beginning place, I'll say, "Warm!"'

That was just like mamma, and Johnnie knew he was going to have a good time. He went through the two parlors, but mamma was silent. Johnnie was watching her over his shoulder, and hardly knew when he crossed the threshold into the library.

'Warm!' cried mamma suddenly.

Johnnie halted promptly, and looked all about him.

'Don't look too high for the reasons of things,' said mamma with a smile, as Johnnie, not budging an inch, stood rolling his eyes up towards the ceiling.

'Warmer!' as the little lad began to look toward the floor.

'Oh, I spy!' said Johnnie suddenly. And he picked up a big cake of dry mud from the carpet. 'I've found out, mamma!'

'That is one reason, but there are others.

'In the house, mamma?'

'Yes, but you can't see them just yet.'

'Why can't I see them now, mamma?'

Mamma laughed, and gave Johnnie a kiss. Then she handed him pencil and paper.

'I will write a question on this paper, and you may have until tomorrow night to answer it,—"What makes mud?"

'Huh! that's easy! Water and dirt!'

'Yes. Write it this way: "What makes mud?" "1. Moisture. 2. Dirt." Write down everything that you see dropped and left on the sidewalk or in the street. If it is wet, put in under "Moisture;" if not, put it under "Dirt."'

'Hullo, here's the sprinkler! Do you spell "water" with an a or an o, mamma?'

'W-a-t-e-r,' said mamma, without a smile.

She never laughed at Johnnie's mistakes, and that was what made Johnnie think she was 'lot's nicer'n other boys' mammas.'

Presently the city carts came along to gather up the garbage. The barrels were heavy, and the men, to save lifting them, emptied the contents upon the street, and then shoveled it into the carts. They left a good amount behind them, however, and Johnnie got quite excited over trying to write down all the different things he saw remnants of. Mamma suggested that 'garbage' would cover it all, so Johnnie, after much wrinkling of his forehead and twisting of his tongue, wrote 'Gobbige;' for mamma was called away just then.

The ashman came down the street and he, too, tipped over the barrels, and shoveled the ashes into the cart —all but what blew away; for the wind was high, and a large part of every shovelful went flying all over the street.

Mamma was gone a long time, but, when she returned, Johnnie called her to the window.

'I don't know how to say things, mamma. There are the sewer men cleaning out the sewers, and they spill the dirty stuff on the street. Then a waggon went by full of old bones and meat from the market, and some of that dropped from the cart. Then there are the horses and dogs and cats. I saw a dog go by with blood dripping from his ear, and the men spit on the sidewalk,—and O mamma! I don't think mud is nice; do you?' And Johnnie's little nose was all puckered up with disgust.

A Parable.

'I need oil,' said an ancient disciple. So he planted him an olive sapling.

'Lord,' he prayed, 'it needs rain, that its tender roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers.'

And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

'Lord,' prayed the disciple, 'my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray thee.'

And the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds.

'Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues,' cried he.

And behold, the little tree stood sparkling with frost.

But at even-song it died.

Then the disciple sought a brother disciple, and told his strange experience.

'I, too, have planted a little tree,' the other said, 'and see!—it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no condition; I fixed not ways or means. "Lord, send it what it needs," I prayed; "storm or sunshine, wind, rain or frost. Thou hast made it, and thou dost know."'

Suppose.

What if the Saviour should come
To visit your mission band,
And with love that chased all of your fear away,
Beside your leader should stand?

We should ask him to tell us of Bethlehem town,
The strange little town on the hill,
And of all the glory that shone around,
When the angels sang, 'Peace and good will.'

And next we should ask for the little lad
That gave his fishes and bread,
Because he had heard the master say
That the people ought to be fed.

And as we heard him how glad we should be
That we have so much to give,
To spread news of Jesus at home and abroad,
That his dear little lambs may live!

—'Waif.'

LESSON VII.—MAY 14.

Christ Betrayed and Arrested.

John xviii., 1-14. Memory verses, 3-5.

Golden Text.

'He is despised and rejected of men.'—Isa. liii., 3.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xxvi., 14-25.—The Betrayer.

T. Luke xxii., 39-46.—Gethsemane.

W. John xviii., 1-14.—Christ betrayed and arrested.

T. Matt. xxvi., 47-56.—Betrayed with a kiss.

F. Matt. xxvii., 3-10.—The traitor's end.

S. John vi., 60-71.—Foreknown.

S. Acts i., 15-26.—Reward of iniquity.

Lesson Story.

On that wonderful night in which our Saviour took bread and breaking it, gave to his disciples saying, 'This is my body which is broken for you;' and gave them the pure fresh wine saying, 'This is my blood, shed for the remission of sins, as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do shew forth the Lord's death until he come;' on that night when he spoke comfort to his disciples and promised them the Holy Spirit and his own speedy return to their hearts; on that night when he prayed for all who should believe on him through all the ages, as only the Son of God could pray (John xvii.); on that night he went forth with his friends to the lonely garden of Gethsemane, and Judas finding him there betrayed him into the hands of his enemies.

Our Lord was in the habit of going to this quiet spot on the Mount of Olives at night, to pray, and perhaps to meet those with whom he could not have a quiet word anywhere else. It was a trysting place, a resting place for him who had no home on this earth. Judas knew the place, he had often gone there with Jesus, he was now going there with a band of armed men to betray his Master. Jesus knew what was about to take place, and leaving the others went farther into the garden with Peter and James and John, bidding them watch and pray with him. Three times he went forward to pray alone to his Father, and three times returning he found his most trusted disciples sleeping instead of watching and praying with him in spirit.

In the awful agony of that hour, Jesus prayed that the cup of bitterness might pass from him if it were possible, 'nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.' He knew beforehand all that he must suffer to redeem us from sin, but he was willing to be the Sacrifice atoning for our sins, because there was no other way in which we could be saved.

When Judas appeared in the garden with the armed mob, the Saviour went forth to meet them asking, Whom seek ye? They answered, Jesus of Nazareth. And as the Son of God said, I am he, they were so overpowered by the presence of God that they went backward and fell to the ground. Again he asked, 'Whom seek ye,' and receiving the same answer, he delivered himself up to them commanding that his disciples should be allowed to go free.

But Peter, anxious to show his loyalty and zeal for the Master, drew a sword and cut off the ear of Malchus a servant of the high priest. Then said Jesus, 'Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' and putting forth his hand, he healed the wounded ear.

Then the band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus and bound him and led him away to Annas first, for he was father-in-law to Caiaphas, who was the high priest that year and who had prophesied that it was expedient that one man should die for the people. Then Annas sent the holy prisoner to Caiaphas to be judged.

The Bible Class

'The betrayal foretold.'—Psa. xli., 9; John xiii., 18; Zech. xi., 12, 13; Matt. xxv., 14-16; Zech. xiii., 7; Isa. liii., 3-7; Psa. lxxi., 10, 11.

Suggestions.

This is one of the saddest scenes in the world's history, the betrayal of the Son of God, the sinless Son of humanity, with the treacherous kiss of hypocrisy. For thirty paltry pieces of silver valued at about sixty-six cents each, this miserable traitor covenanted with the priests to betray the Lord Jesus Christ.

Though he had been for three years the companion of Jesus and his friends, he had never been truly joined to Jesus as the branch is to the vine; though he had seen the matchless love and mighty power of Jesus, he had hardened his heart against him, his very position and privileges with the hardness of his heart made him all the easier prey for the tempter. Judas, refusing the love of the Saviour, opened his whole being to the devil.

It is an awful responsibility to be in the place of privilege. When we hear the Gospel of God's love and perfect salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ, we must either reject it as Judas did, or accept and obey as Peter and John did, and like them, we must wait in prayer for the promised power of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter.

'I am.' This was the name by which Jehovah revealed himself to Moses (Ex. iii., 6, 14); by this name Jesus claimed identity with the Father (John viii., 54-58); by this name, years later, the risen and glorified Saviour revealed himself from heaven to John (Rev. i., 8); by this name Christ silenced and awed his enemies in the garden as they came, an armed band with captain and officers, to capture the meek and lowly Son of Man. In an instant he could have summoned a whole legion of angels to his aid, or with a breath destroyed the soldiers who stood before him, but he chose to die for our salvation, and he would not resist now.

Wherever a word is put in italics in the Bible, we know that it has been put in by the translators to give the sense, but is not in the original Greek. So the sentence in the authorized version of the Bible says, 'I am he,' but the original words were simply 'I am.' Showing that Jesus revealed himself as God to this rabble, who were awed and afraid, but, nevertheless, persisted in their evil course.

Jesus protected his friends. He gave himself up, but would not let his disciples be taken. They were not yet able to suffer much for him. But their lives as recorded in the Acts show what transformation was wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon them (Acts i., 8).

Questions.

1. What took place before Jesus and his disciples went to Gethsemane?
2. What took place there?
3. Who did Jesus take to watch and pray with him
4. Were they faithful?
5. Why did Jesus allow himself to be taken prisoner?

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

If we are much with Jesus, every place will be hallowed ground (verses 1, 2).

A mob is always more cruel and hot-headed than an individual (verse 3).

Jesus knowing the future, had more to suffer than others (verse 4).

The enemies of Jesus sought to destroy him, but the dagger they aimed at the Friend of sinners found fatal sheath in their own heart (verses 5, 9; Acts i., xviii).

Peter's blundering zeal caused Christ to perform a miracle (verses 10, 11).

Ignorant of his Sonship, his character and his mission, the enemies of Jesus seized and bound him, and led him away to a mock trial, 'But he was wounded for our transgressions" (verses 12-14).

Tiverton, Ont.

C. E Topic.

May 14.—God's covenant and ours.—Ps. cv., 1-10. (A Christian Endeavor pledge meeting.)

Junior C. E.

May 14.—How to win love and honor.—Prov. iii., 1-7.

Children at Church.

The secret of having the children in the preaching services of the church is in having in the pulpit a 'children's preacher.' It is not so much necessary that sermons for children be so named as it is that sermons where children are present, or ought to be present, be preached in a simple way, so as to interest and instruct them.

The mistake many preachers make is in preaching to adults only, as though no children were present. It is not strange that that kind of preaching fails to reach children and to secure their regular attendance at the services of the church.

A minister was once wondering how he could reach the large number of children in the homes of his people. 'How am I to get them interested in the church?' he said. 'To be sure they attend Sunday-school, but that is not enough. I seldom see them at the preaching services, and never on Wednesday night at prayer-meeting.'

As a rule the children do not attend these services. Why? Parents do not require it. Why do they not require it? Because the minister so often takes no thought of the children in the preparation of his sermons, and only preaches to the older ones.

It is said that once upon a time it was announced from a certain pulpit that on the following Sunday the pastor would like as many of the children of the Sunday-school as would attend the morning service to take seats in the gallery, as they could all sit in a body. He especially asked the teachers of the Sunday-schools to urge the children to come. He would 'preach a sermon for the children.'

Sunday came, and so did a goodly number of the children. When it came time for the sermon the minister glanced up in the gallery and said: 'Girls and boys, it gives me great pleasure to have so many bright faces before me this morning. I wish you would come every Sunday and fill up those vacant seats.' Then he went into his sermon with a will. But he soon forgot 'the gallery.' He just soared right over their little heads way up in the arches in the roof, and only came down long enough to speak to some of the boys that were whispering a little too loud. Then he went back to the roof.

Inviting the children to remain for a service, and then instead of giving them bread a stone is given them, will not attract and hold them.

Of a certain preacher it is said: 'He never fails to mention his pleasure at seeing so many children in the congregation. But he goes further. He makes his sermons so plain to every child present that they feel he really means what he says about being glad they are there. He talks to them.'

A boy of twelve once said, 'I like Dr. ——, mamma, because I can understand him.'

A father once gave special commendation to a certain preacher, and added, 'My boys always like to hear you preach so well.' That was a compliment to that preacher, and showed one of the secrets of his success and usefulness wherever he went.—'Religious Telescope.'

Use Of Sunday-Schools.

A good Sunday-school secures religious instruction to the children of families who otherwise would receive none at all. We speak not now of this benefit derived from the Sunday-school by the children of godless families, but, surprising though this may be, by the members of homes which are avowedly Christian homes. Yes, there are many so-called religious families who furnish no teaching of a spiritual character to their little ones. There is no conversation of a religious nature ever addressed to them, nor is there at any time an enquiry into the condition of their souls. This is not the place for the explanation of this lamentable fact, but that it is a fact cannot possibly be denied. What a blessed thing it is that there are faithful, conscientious, and devout, teachers, who fill the gap left vacant by neglectful parents and supply a need so deplorable. In the consideration that from them only the children of some families receive the religious instruction they ever get, how careful should the Sunday-school teacher be to present the truth of the Gospel to every member of his class every Sunday, and to seek to apply it with all earnestness.—Rev. M. G. Hansen.

The Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON XIII.—BEER AND CRIME.

'Bad habits continued often lead to crime.'

What is the effect of beer on the moral character?

The beer-drinker is inclined to be morose, brutal, and surly.

Where can this readily be seen?

In the beer-saloons, where quarrelling is very common.

In large cities scarcely a morning passes without reports of cases in court of quarrels among beer-drinkers. Of course there are many cases which never get reported in court.

Are these cases often serious?

They often result in bloodshed, and sometimes in murder.

A New York juryman says: 'We had five or six murderers on trial, and nearly all before the murder had been drinking what a German would call a moderate amount of lager-beer—say one to two quarts—and sometimes it was ale.'—'Beer Question.'

What does Dr. Crothers say about beer-drinkers?

'The most dangerous class of tramps and ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers.'

Of what ages are these criminals?

Of all ages, but the young are the most numerous.

Dr. M. L. Holbrook, in speaking of the criminal court, says: 'Most of the criminals were young. Perhaps the most painful murder-case was a boy of seventeen (son of very respectable parents), who killed a comrade while under the influence of lager-beer. The fight which occurred at the time was among about a dozen boys from fifteen to twenty years of age, and all had been drinking lager-beer freely'.—'Beer Question.'

Give the testimony of Judge Pitman.

'After eight months of free beer in Massachusetts there was an increase of sixty-eight percent in the aggregate of crime.'

How does beer compare with the stronger drinks in producing crime

It is worse, for with the stronger drinks they soon become stupid, while with beer they remain able to do mischief.

The district attorney of Essex Co., Mass., said: 'The excessive use of the stronger drinks is liable to make men drunk and helpless, unable to do much harm, while beer excites men to acts of violence, desperation and crime.'

What are the results of beer-drinking in England?

Just as bad as elsewhere.

Of fifty government convicts at one time, forty-three gave as the cause of their crimes beer and bad company, or both. Forty-six jail chaplains in England, being asked about the effect of opening free beer-houses, testified to the floods of vice let loose. One said: 'I believe it impossible for human language to describe the misery and wickedness added to the previous sum of moral and social ills by the beer-houses.'

How, then, ought we to look upon the beer-houses?

As so many nurseries of crime in the land.

'We Played Cards and Drank Wine.'

Sauntering leisurely along the street, a well-dressed young lady passed me. She gave a pecular call. It was answered by a girl about her own size and age. The two girls seated themselves on the edge of a porch and at once began an animated chit-chat, and so loud as to be distinctly heard rods off. This is a part of what I was almost compelled to hear:

'Yes, we played cards with the gentlemen, and drank a good deal of wine, and perhaps said and did things that we ought not to, but the folks needn't make such an awful fuss about it.'

'Sh—!' warned her companion. 'If my mother were to hear what you say it would be the last of my going out of this house after dark.'

So long as men with rotten hearts are on the lookout for victims, and such careless ones present themselves as these girls apparently were, recruits will continue to swell the army of the lost.

'We played cards and drank wine.' When did they begin this habit of wine-drinking, I wonder? Once when my field of labor in this Gospel temperance work was in one of the interior towns of the Middle States, I met on the principal avenue a young woman, a former pupil in the Sunday-school in a distant village. A moment's conversation showed me how the cruel vulture had done its ghoulish work. The spirit of the good Samaritan moved me. I prayed that I might be able to turn her wayward feet. The purity of blessed childhood's days and scenes, associations sweet and sacred, hallowed memories, early playmates—all, all were presented in the brilliant color of hope and trust. A mist filled her eyes.

'Come, I'll take you home. In less than a day we'll be there. How glad your parents will be to see you! Surely you do not forget the love of father and mother, and you want to see them again, don't you, Mary'

Straightening herself up to her full height, her face white, her form rigid and strained, in a voice whose tone conveyed hate, mingled with utter despair, she answered:

'Yes, I do remember them. They taught me to drink wine at the family board. I was told to drink it like a lady. Easily and quickly enough I learned to like it. I tried to drink it "like a lady." Under its influence, the bottle was drained; my brain reeled; the world was torn from under my feet; the sky became all brass. To-day I am eating the ashes of the apples of the Dead Sea. There is nothing left worth living for. I can't fight against the odds much longer. Every hand pushes me nearer the bottom; then comes the end. Some day I must stand at the bar of God, and I tell you I shall be a true witness against those who taught me to "drink wine like a lady."'—'Christian Observer.'

Cheaper And More Poisonous

(Joseph Alford Conwell, New Jersey.)

There is much said and written about the appalling number of persons who drink. Yet two or three times as many use tobacco. While more money is spent for drink, it must be remembered that, relatively considered, tobacco is much cheaper than alcoholic liquors. A glass of beer costs as much as many smokes and chews, and a glass of whiskey, brandy or wine as much as a dozen cigarettes or a whole plug or bag of tobacco.

Our annual consumption of alcoholic liquors is over one billion gallons, or about sixteen gallons to each man, woman and child. The most of this is lager beer, containing about four or five percent of alcohol, the remainder being wine, containing from ten to twenty percent of alcohol, and whiskey, brandy and other liquors containing about fifty percent of alcohol. The total amount of pure alcohol in all liquors annually consumed in our land is less than 100,000,000 gallons or about five quarts for each individual.

Our annual tobacco crop is nearly 500,000,000 pounds. This is over five pounds for every man, woman and child. From this is made over three billion cigarettes, over four billion cigars, about one hundred million pounds of smoking and nearly two hundred million pounds of chewing tobacco. According to a fair calculation, to consume our annual tobacco crop, it requires that no less than twelve million boys and men smoke or chew three hours daily.

While they are both powerful narcotics, and in over-doses produce death, tobacco is the more virulent and deadly, although the more insidious and subtle, of the two. According to Taylor's 'Treatise on Poisons,' eleven ounces of alcohol is the smallest recorded fatal dose swallowed by an adult, the victim living nearly two hours. But thirty grains of tobacco have produced death in twenty minutes. Dr. Kellogg asserts that there is enough poison in a pound of tobacco to kill 300 persons.

According to these authorities there are about 1,000,000,000 fatal doses of alcohol in our annual production of alcoholic liquors. But our annual crop of tobacco contains enough poison to kill 120,000,000,000 persons, or more than one hundred times as much poison as the annual production of alcohol. If only one one-hundredth part of the poison in tobacco entered the system in chewing or smoking mankind would, even then, receive as much poison from its use as from alcoholic beverages.

The combustion of tobacco in smoking does not destroy the nicotine as many suppose. Kissling has recovered 52 percent of what the tobacco originally contained from its smoke. There is abundant evidence that in both chewing and smoking a large percentage of the nicotine which tobacco contains enters the system.

Correspondence

Pomeroy, Man.

Dear Editor,—Our school is on the bank of Tobacco creek. It is very pleasant in the summer, and we scholars take our boots and stockings off and wade through the water. We drive to school, for we live two miles from it. In summer we drive one horse and two in the winter. We have a jolly time when we get the sleigh well filled with scholars.

I have a little baby brother one year and eight months old, who does some funny things sometimes. One day, when mamma came in the kitchen, he was taking out the ashes with the dipper, scattering them over himself, floor and stove.

ETHEL (aged 9).

Mulgrave, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am visiting grandpa and grandma Troup. They have taken the 'Messenger' ever since it was printed. They have sent it to me ever since I could read. Grandpa Sherk has lots of bees and we have lots of honey to eat.

JOSIE S. (aged 10).

Lisgar, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school now. I make the fires, I have done it for three winters. I have a brother in the Dairy School in St. Hyacinthe. I have three nephews and three nieces. There is a deaf and dumb boy at our place. My mother is president of the W. C. T. U. here.

REGINALD S. L. (aged 13).

Eugenia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the Falls in the village of Eugenia, which is situated on the Beaver river. At our annual Sunday-school entertainment, instead of the programme, a man from Orangeville had a magic lantern, with very interesting pictures of the Christian life of Dr. Paton as a missionary of the New Hebrides Islands.

VIRGIE Mc.M. (aged 10).

McLellan's Brook.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for fifteen years and the 'Witness' for twenty years. We have a dog named Jack and we harness him in the sled in the winter and he will haul us. My father has gone to the gold mines with a load of stamps to crush the gold. The mines are so far from the railway that the company has to hire teams to haul the machinery.

JOHN H. F.

Nappan, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I had the 'Messenger' taken for me, by my aunt, as a Christmas present, and I think it is a very nice paper. I live near a railway; it is at the back of the house, and in front of it is a large hill, on which we go berrying in the summer. I sprained my ankle coasting down a hill with two other of my schoolmates, and cannot go to school. The school girls either write notes and send them by my sister or come to see me. I like them to come best. I don't think many people around here take the 'Messenger,' so I am going to try to get some subscribers for it. The 'Experimental Farm' is only about one mile from where I live, and I have been all over the barns. I liked the little girl's letter about 'Crossing the Prairie,' but I cannot think of her name just now. I think I will close my letter, as I have written quite a long one.

BLANCHE B. (aged 11).

Little Musquash, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on the coast of the Bay of Fundy, and we have a great time sliding and skating. We have an organ, and I can play quite a lot. Grandpa lives a few yards from our door, and he lives all alone, I sometimes scrub and get his meals for him.

EFFIE (aged 12).

HOUSEHOLD.

'When The Spring-Time Comes.'

(Adele K. Johnson in New York 'Observer.')

Breakfast, always important because it does more than any other one thing to pitch the keynote of the day for the most of us, should be made specially inviting and wholesome in early spring when the appetite so often needs tempting. Acids are the best tonics and aids to digestion, and should have a place on every breakfast table. As a rule, lemon juice or fresh fruits are the most delightful ways of serving it. In the country, where fresh fruits are not easily obtained, dried prunes or other fruit, or evaporated fruit skilfully prepared, make an appetizing substitute. But avoid cloying sweetness. The season of sweets and preserves is over. Whether fruit shall be eaten first or last at breakfast is coming to be quite a disputed question, and is, perhaps, one of the things that each must answer for himself. But eat it, do for breakfast, if at no other meal.

It takes at least a half-hour longer to digest fried meat or other food than it does that cooked in any other ordinary way, but the former is far less likely to be greasy by deep frying than when only a little fat is used in a shallow fry-pan. In fact, if croquettes, or other preparations of meat, fish, or fowl are egged and breaded fifteen minutes before they are fried and then immersed in smoking hot fat, and removed from it the minute they are done, they will never be sodden and greasy. Flouring should be done immediately before frying.

Shredded codfish or remnants of other baked or boiled fish that were flaked while warm are delicious creamed for breakfast, and can be served in a variety of ways. Make a plain sauce of one cupful of milk brought to a boil and thickened with one tablespoonful of flour rubbed into an equal amount of butter. Add the flaked fish and stir with a fork until heated through; serve alone, on slices of toast, or on patty shells. If the latter, sprinkle the top with sifted bread crumbs, dot with butter and brown in the oven. If preferred, the creamed fish may receive a flavor of onion, parsley or celery; or two or three eggs, or a teacupful of mashed potato can be added to the sauce with the fish.

So much has been said of the nutritive value of eggs that it would seem as though every housewife, certainly every one who needs to economize closely in domestic expenditures (and there are few who do not) would appreciate it. But how many of the more than two hundred ways in which they are said to be served are seen in our ordinary menus? Start a reformation; if only to see how great a variety of tempting and wholesome omelets you can easily serve for breakfast by simply adding the prepared bits of meat, fowl, or vegetables that were left over from the previous day to a plain omelet. Mince cold ham, beef or mutton fine, season well and heat; reheat canned peas, beans, corn, tomatoes or other vegetables, having them rather dry, and spread a layer over one-half of an omelet just before turning it. Always serve an omelet on a warm dish; an omelet pan ought never to be used for frying other food.

The number of cereal foods are constantly being added to, and certainly there is now enough variety in both substance and flavor to please all tastes, and dispel the suggestion of 'invalid food' that has so long clung to them. Properly cooked, which usually means sufficiently cooked, and eaten with cream, no food is at once so delicate, satisfying and nourishing for spring breakfasts.

For the other meals of the day tempt everyone's appetite with lean meats, acid vegetables, salads and tart desserts. In the country where green vegetables are scarce, canned ones should be freely used, always remembering to heighten their flavor by opening the can two or three hours before they are needed, to aerate them.

Dandelions, which are always obtainable there, are one of the most valuable of spring vegetables, whether eaten fresh or steamed like spinach, and served with a dressing of lemon juice, butter salt and pepper.

Spinach should be thoroughly washed through four waters and enough of the last one will cling to the leaves to cook it with. Boil half an hour, drain and pour over the dressing recommended above.

Pie plant is far more delicious baked than stewed. Cooked in this way and served in patty shells as tartlets is also preferable to pie. If you must have the latter, half bake the pastry shell, fill with scalded pieplant that has been sweetened and flavored, ornament the top with straps of pastry and return to the oven just long enough to bake the latter. Serve as soon as cold.

Room to Cry In.

In Sweden according to travellers who have resided in that country, it is a household custom to provide rooms where the children may go and cry, and scream, and make all the noise they need to. In all other parts of the house they are expected to be quiet and mindful of the presence of their elders. On the whole it seems rather a good plan—good for the children and good for the elders, too.

Work and Place For All.

The Lord hath work for little hands,
For they may do His wise commands;
And He marks out for little feet
A narrow pathway straight and sweet;
And there are words for little eyes,
To make them earnest, true and wise.
—'Good Cheer.'

Selected Recipes.

Orange Shortcake.—Mix as for biscuits and bake the shortcake in a thin, round tin. Split the cake while hot and butter well; remove the skin and slice the oranges crosswise, removing all seeds, and place the slices between the layers and on top, being generous with both oranges and sugar. Serve with whipped cream.

Peanut Candy.—Boil together two cups of molasses, one cup brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoon of vinegar. Having cracked and rubbed the skin from the peanuts, put them into buttered pans and when the candy is done pour over the nuts. Cut into squares while warm.

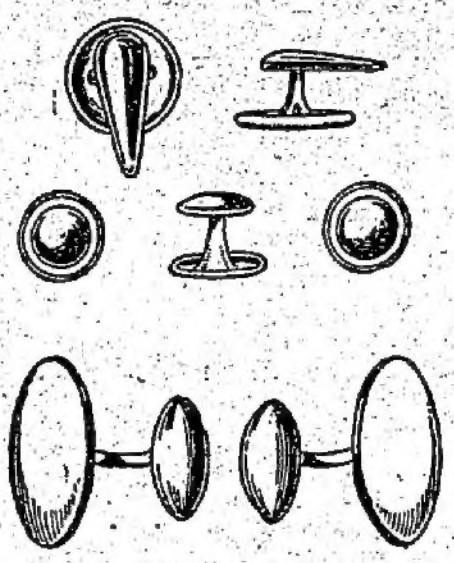
Baked Sweet Apples.—Wash and carefully core several sweet apples. Arrange in a baking dish and allow to each apple two drops of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of sugar, and add three-quarters of a cupful of cold water. Bake thoroughly.

Stuffed Apples is a charming New York dish. Sour apples are used. These are washed and the cores removed. These opening are filled with cold chicken, duck or other meat, 'which has been finely chopped, lightly seasoned and mixed with bread crumbs.' The apples are carefully baked.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A New 'Messenger' Premium.

GENTLEMEN'S SETS.



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